

Ermete Novelli and Other Stage Notables

GREAT ITALIAN ACTOR IN REPERTORY—"THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA,"
BY DE MILLE—MOORE IN NEW COHAN MUSICAL COMEDY

[From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.]

ERMETE NOVELLI, the celebrated Italian actor, has again charmed New York by his superb artistry. At the Lyric theater Mr. Novelli appeared in repertory, including in his list of performances "Othello," "Papa Lebonnard" and other attractive plays.

"Papa Lebonnard" is the drama in which Mr. Novelli scored one of his greatest hits during his original visit to the Lyric theater.

In this drama Mr. Novelli plays the role of a simple minded old shopkeeper who becomes enraged at his wife owing to a great injustice done to his daughter by his wife and son. The star carries the action of the drama to a stirring climax in a manner that rouses the audience to overwhelming enthusiasm. No intelligent audience leaves Mr. Novelli's abilities even momentarily unacknowledged.

In "Papa Lebonnard" the supporting company appeared as follows: Mme. O. Giannini as Sofia, the chastened wife; Mme. Betrone as Jeanne, the daughter; L. Rossi as the son Robert; G. Almiranti as Dr. Andrea; G. Dal-Cortivo as the marquis and Mme. L. Pescatori as the daughter of the marquis. The work of this company proved thoroughly satisfactory.

In "Othello," with but two or three exceptions, the same players appeared. It was with this drama that Mr. Novelli opened his New York engagement. His interpretation of the classic role of the jealous Moor has well been termed "essentially a Latin conception of the part," for it is true that the talented Italian makes the character more ferocious in its climax than do most English and American actors.

Another Belasco Success.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is the latest play to be launched on the troublous dramatic tides bearing the name of Belasco as a sponsor. William C. De Mille is the author of the play, although here and there are seen what may or may not be "Belasco touches." At any rate, Mr. De Mille is fully capable of writing a strong, successful play without Mr. Belasco's aid. "Strongheart" was ample proof of this.

"The Warrens of Virginia" at the Bijou theater is a wartime play that does not threaten one's eardrums with gun fringes—an anomaly, true, but none the less a fact.

The romantic story of the play is unfolded in the most effective manner possible, speaking well for the skill of the author. In consequence interest at no time drags or threatens to drag, and the climaxes are excellently well led up to. Probably the truest thing that can be said about the play is that it early develops a fascination that is very difficult to shake off, a fascination that makes one look cravily for "what is coming next." Mr. De Mille has taken a decided leap forward through his praise compelling work in this drama.

Of course there never yet was a play that met Wizard Belasco's approval that did not tear up human emotions in some degree. (By the way, are there any emotions other than human ones?) Resultantly Mr. De Mille's new



GUY STANDING AS STEELE AND THEODORE ROBERTS AS JOE PORTUGAIS IN "THE RIGHT OF WAY."
TWO LEADING CHARACTERS IN A MUCH TALKED OF NEW DRAMA.

drama has a well apparent emotional stratum that keeps susceptible folk (and most theater goers are such, according to one analysis or another) "worked up" much of the time. But touches of comedy are not lacking, delightful comedy, in every sense what has become known as "legitimate."

Charming Charlotte Walker as Agatha is seen in the leading woman's role. Miss Walker is sweet in this play, and also she is stern when occasion requires. She is the embodiment of all the virtues the worthy sentimentalists have accredited to the southern girl, who has won a high place in actual

history as well as that of the drama and of book fiction.

Victor Moore's New Play.

Victor Moore, who blossomed forth into prominence in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," is seen at the Knick-

erbocker theater in a new George M. Cohan dramatic garment. Its title is "The Talk of New York," although the play does not have any close relation to the Thaw case or the financial panic. The garment fits Mr. Moore very well, as well it might, for Mr. Cohan has had ample time for measurements.

"The Talk of New York," being a Cohan product, is of necessity a musical play, and its chief role is that of one who respects the English language is not so noticeable as to be likely to attract any prize fighters who may stroll in to see the play.
FREDERICK TREGEELLES.

Winter Sporting Talk on Many Current Topics

SOME day, some time, in the dim remoteness of ages yet unborn, it is to be hoped that English sportsmen will learn to give credit to Americans for what they accomplish; that they will have stamina enough to see an American wallop an Englishman in some branch of sport and be willing to admit a square, out and out defeat in manly fashion.

invader of another country. But British displeasure did not stop there. People near the ring called Burns vicious names, some even going so far as to throw empty mineral water bottles at him. The hands of the clock by which he guided himself on the day of the fight were moved back so as to make him late in entering the ring and perhaps to bother him regarding the

strength of this misstatement several Americans at the Hotel Cecil paid off wagers to Englishmen, and later, when the correct result was announced, were unable to collect the money paid over in error.

Such a resume of episodes attending the Burns-Moir fight is not very delighting to Americans, who have all ways given Englishmen a "run for

represent and typify the national spirit or merely the narrow mindedness of a few isolated individuals? The answer to this query is not an easy one to ascertain.

Expelled For Ringing.

The board of review of the National Trotting association at its recent session in New York took drastic action regarding the case of Gilbert F. Cairo of Huntington, N. Y., and the gray pacer mare Celia, 2:13 1/2.

Cairo was proved to the satisfaction of the board to have entered fraudulently the mare in a race at Riverhead, N. Y., last fall under the name of Miss Greyline. Not satisfied with ruling off Cairo, the board also expelled the mare, rendering her valueless for racing purposes in her present owner's hands. Cairo did not attend at the hearing, but made excuses, evidently realizing that he had no chance of being cleared. Men of his stamp probably will at ways be found wherever horses are raced, but a fate like this has a highly salutary effect on the mental processes of the "easy girl" brigade.

There was one unusual phase of the case against Cairo. This was the fact

that the case originated principally through another man, who had a career as a ringer. This man was Murphy, who protested the horse Celia at Riverhead. Murphy was expelled by the board of review a few years ago for having started the Onward mare Margin, 2:17 1/2, in the slow classes at several small meetings in the east under the name of Rose. Later he was reinstated. It certainly is a hard time for the ringing gentry to have their own set (or one time members of it) entering the ranks of accusers. Pretty soon all vestiges of honor will have disappeared among the racing crooks. Murphy certainly should be ostracized by members of the ringing cult who are in good standing in the order. He has violated one of the most sacred family traditions.

The Basket Ball Season.

The college teams are now playing their schedules, and so are most of the Y. M. C. A. and athletic club teams. The government authorities recognize the good qualities of the game and have introduced it at the West Point Military academy and the Annapolis Naval academy. The West Point team

has begun a most important campaign, having, among others, the following games scheduled:

Dec. 21, University of Pennsylvania; Jan. 11, Trinity; Jan. 25, Colgate college; Feb. 1, Wesleyan; Feb. 15, Princeton university; Feb. 22, Columbia university; March 7, Harvard university.

Winter Batting Averages.

There are 17,562 baseball players who batted 300 or over in the major leagues last season. If you don't believe this statement, go the rounds of the hot stove circuit and listen to what the wild waves are saying. According to the sworn statement of the voracious proprietor of the leading crossroads grocery store in Wapello county, Ia., there were last week on a rainy night no fewer than four men sitting within arm's reach of his prune barrel who slugged the spheroid at .392 or better last summer in the National league.
HARRY GRANT.

MIGHTY ONWARD.

Mighty Onward, 2:22 1/2, by Onward, owned by the Patchen Wilkes farm, Lexington, Ky., is said to be a 2:10 trotter.



TOMMY BURNS, WHO DEFEATED GUNNER MOIR AND WILL MEET ROACH, ANOTHER BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT.

Tommy Burns, before returning to America to fight Jack Johnson, will, it is announced, meet another British heavyweight, Jenni Roach, who has won many battles among the British second raters. While Roach holds the heavyweight championship title of Ireland, he is not looked on as a very dangerous man for Burns to tackle. Following the way of all pugilistic flesh, Burns has joined the easy money brigade, for he may also meet Jack Palmer.

The attitude of English "sportsmen" toward Americans has long been an international scandal. The latest outcropping of chronic British soreheadedness occurred at the Burns-Moir fight in London recently, when Tommy Burns, the American heavyweight champion, took the measure of Gunner Moir, best of Briton's man mangers.

It was to be expected that the audience would favor Moir. That is one of the inevitable penalties coming to any

time of his last meal before the fight—an important matter.

After Burns' victory various Englishmen, members of the National Sporting club, where the bout was held, loudly asserted that Moir was out of shape, was not able to do anything like his best. Several English stakeholders refused to pay Americans the money they had won, and one English daily got out an extra edition stating that Moir had won in the fourth round. On

their money" over here. Reflection on the matter should not fill an American's heart with vindictiveness, but, on the contrary, should merely prompt him to ask of himself this question: "Do the alleged attitude of English stewards at Henley toward American and Belgian rowmen and the stand taken by English Jockey club stewards against American horse owners and jockeys and the petty persecution of other American sportsmen in England



QUAIL HUNTING—POINTERS AND HUNTERS WORKING INTO A BRUSH THICKET, A FOND RESORT OF GAME BIRDS.

A SIMPLE COUNTRY DINNER.

When we go to Aunt Carrie's, she
Says she ain't had no time to fix
A dinner like it ought to be.
'Cause she has been at work since six
O'clock, a-sweepin' out th' rooms
An' tidin' th' place a bit.
So, if we're hungry, she pounces
We'll haf to take just what she's got.

An' nen she sees she ain't th' one
To try to put on city style—
She likes relations just to run
In for a meal onst in awhile
An' be content with what is cooked—
A simple country dinner—so
If anything is overlooked
It'll haf to be excused, you know.

An' nen she goes an' shuts th' door
'At lends out where th' table is.
An' pa, he sez he's glad he'd wore
'At country apphittite o' his!
Aunt Carrie tells us to come on
Although there's nothin' fit to touch,
But we can eat till it is gone,
But she knows that it ain't nash!

An' there is chickens—young ones—fried,
An' there's a juicy, big boiled ham,
'Tth lots o' gravy on each side,
An' turnips an' blackberry jam
An' soda biscuits—just as light—
An' quince p' serves an' peaches, too,
An' mash' potatoes—just as white—
An' dandy pickles, I tell you!

An' beans an' peas an' corn an' rice
An' cherries 'at is sweet an' red
An' quince p' serves—I've told 'at twice,
But they're fine on Aunt Carrie's brass—
An' pies—three kind o' pies—an' cake
An' apple jelly—it's the best—
You ought to see it shake an' shake,
An'—goodness, I forget th' rest!

An' we all eat till we can't hold
Another little bite, you bet.
An' nen Aunt Carrie, she will scold
An' say she knows we're hungry yet.
Nen pa, he sez 'at this here meal
Has surely been mos' glor-i-ous
An' sez he wonders how we'd feel
If she had been expectin' us!

—W. D. Nesbit in New York Life.

Progressing.



"And is Willie Vanfeller really studying 'medicine'?"
"Yes, and he's getting on famously. He told me yesterday I was looking well, and, by Jove, I was!"—Harper's Weekly.

Couldn't Discharge Him.

When the jury had filed in for at least the fourth time, with no sign of coming to an agreement in the bribery case, the disgusted judge rose up and said, "I discharge the jury!"

At this one sensitive townsman, stung to the quick by this abrupt and ill-sounding decision, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me, judge," he retorted.

"Why not?" asked the astonished judge.

"Because," announced the townsman, pointing to the defendant's lawyer, "I'm being paid by that man there."—Lippincott's.

Cookery.

"You don't treat me with nice consideration, anticipate my every want, provide me with whatever is designed to make life pleasant regardless of expense, betray a vigilant solicitude for my comfort, an absorbing interest in my happiness," complained the wife.

"Certainly not," replied the husband. "I didn't marry a cook."—New York Life.

Ducal Caution.

"The duke insists that the wedding must be postponed."

"What reason does he give?"

"He's troubled with depression."

"Mental?"

"No, financial. He's waiting to find out how much papa lost in Wall street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Better Still.

She—And after we are married, dear, you'll tell me everything that happens, won't you? Cousin Fannie's husband does.

He—Well, darling, I'll go Fannie's husband one better. I'll tell you a lot of things that don't happen at all.—Chicago News.

Not His Kind.

Mr. Nodd—I don't think much of that toy bank you got the children.

Mrs. Nodd—What's the matter with it?

Mr. Nodd—Why, I worked over it all the evening and couldn't open it.—Judge.

A Caustic Critic.

"Yes," said Ill Tragedy, self-complacently, "I am satisfied that I would make an ideal Hamlet."

"Come off!" cried Lowe Comedy.

"Hamlet means a little ham, and you're a big one."—Philadelphia Press.

Our Charity.

"But," insisted the good man, "isn't it true, as the old saying goes, that 'charity covers a multitude of sins'?"

"Huh," snorted the cynic, "not if it's our charity and other people's sins."—New York Press.